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AN ACCOUNT,

OF A DREADFUL

MURDER

COMMITTED BY

Miss Mary Smith of

Thornbury,

On the body of her Father, Sir John Smith by poiſoning him for Love of a young man; With an account of her Trial and Dying Speech at the place of Execution which was in Glouſcester Market place, at the last Assizes You have alſo the Texts of her Funeral sermon. which was preached the Morning before her execution. The Words of the Text are as follows (Pſalm cxix II)

" Let the sorrowful sighing of the Prisoner come before thee; preserve thou them that are appointed to die."

Alſo an Account how the young Man died for Grief,

Printed and Sold by J. Pitts, 14 Great St. Anderw Street 7 Dials. PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE MURDER OF

Sir John Smith.

THIS pattern here I shall unfold,
The which is worth its weight in gold
It may be a cordial for the souls,
Of those that are undutiful
In Glouceſterſhire lived a noble knight
He had a daughter of beauty bright.
On whom he placed his love moſt dear,
As by the book you ſoon ſhall hear,
When grown up ſhe was very tall,
Having a handſome face withal,
Many a courtier to her came,
squires, knights, and lords of fame.
One time upon a certain day,
A noble lord of high degree;
Unto her father came, we find,
To whom he did diſcloſe his mind.
The father for his child did ſend,
saying, I advise you as a friend;
To wed this man he has wealth in ſtore;
And you'll be made for evermore.
she fell upon her bended knees,
And ſaid, Dear father, as you pleaſe;
To wed, I think I am too young,
But ſir your pleaſure ſhall be done.
Her father ſaid, My deareſt child,
Thou ſhalt not wed againſt thy mind;
Might I have all that e'er I ſee,
I would not force my child, ſaid he.
Thus when ſhe her father's love had try'd
Her ſuitors all ſhe ſtraight deny'd;

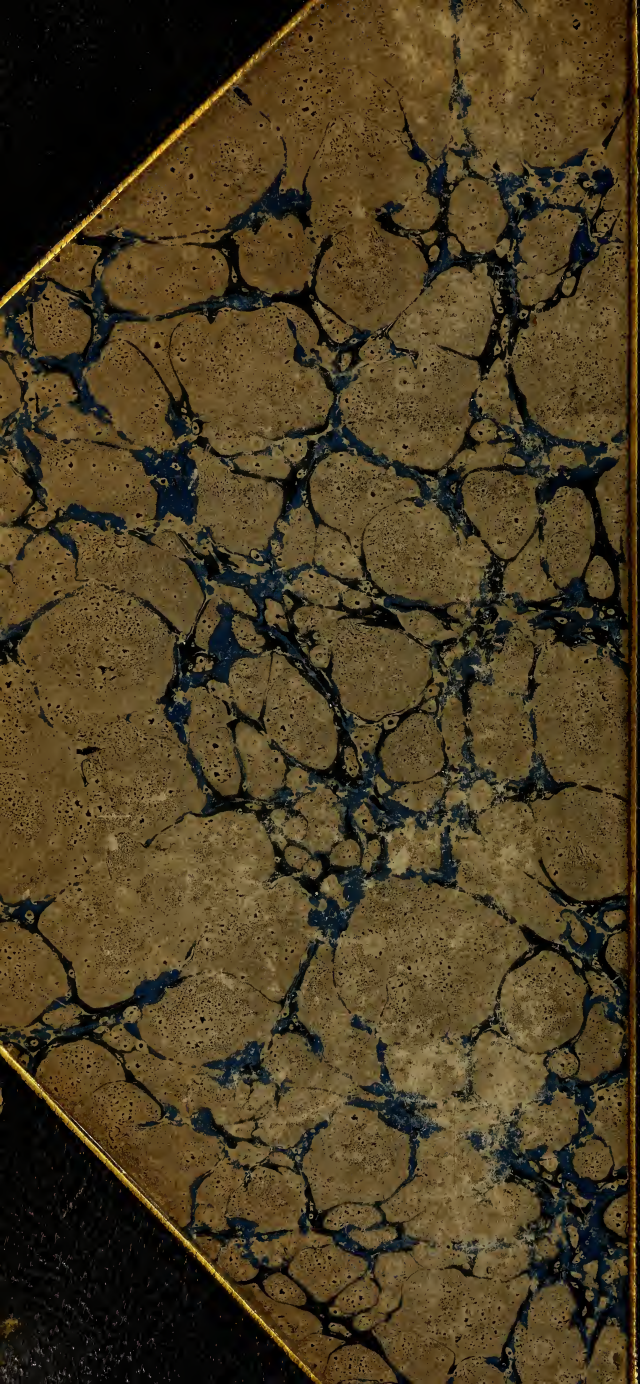
And farther gave out word and all,
That she would wed with none at all,
At last her tender yielding heart,
Was pierc'd by Cupid's wounding dart,
That she her pains could not remove,
so she became a slave to love.
One Mr. Watts, as it is said,
He was a wig maker by trade,
Being a very handsome man.
He did her yielding heart trepan,
For six months time they wanton'd so,
And to the world it was unknown;
For they met in private till at last,
Their love sick hearts was linked fast,
At last her father came to know,
His daughter loved the young man so,
He in a violent rage did fall.
And for his daughter straight did call.
And when she came to him he said,
Is this the choice that you have made?
Are you so fond that you must wed,
With one that cannot get his bread,
Get from my sight, and come no more,
Within the threshold of my door;
Begone, said he, as here I live,
I'll cut you off from all I have.
With that she fell upon her knees,
While tears ran trickling down like pease
Dear father, I my faults confess,
And furthermore thy pardon ask.
Upon thy daughter pity take,
And here I will this promise make,
Never to go nigh him more
Nor let him come within your door.

She from her father ſtraight did part,
With flowing eyes and melting heart,
And in her chamber all alone,
With wringing hands ſhe made her moan
My deareſt dear, and I, ſaid ſhe,
For evermore muſt parted be,
O heaven eaſe me from my care,
My grief is more than I can bear,
In the dead time of the night 'tis ſaid,
When all the family were in bed,
In tears ſhe to the young man did come,
And told him all that had been done.
With heavy ſighs and bitter cries,
While tears came pouring from her eyes,
Kiſſing his lips, my dear, ſaid ſhe,
I'll venture life and ſoul for thee,
While tears came pouring down amain,
With heart o'preſt with grief and pain.
This couple forced was to part,
With flowing eyes and bleeding heart,
Now, now, this fatal tragedy.
Which I ſhall mention ſpeedily,
'Twill let you know the ſad eſtate,
Of thoſe who are unfortunate.
In tears ſhe ſpent the night away,
And oftimes to herſelf would ſay,
Lord, help a lover in diſtreſs,
My ſorrows they are numberleſs.
As lay weeping in her bed,
The Devil put it in her head,
That ſhe ſhould not obtain her will,
Till ſhe her father dear ſhould kill
Straight from her bed ſhe did ariſe,
Wiping the tears from her poor eyes:

With heart oppreſt with grief and woe,
Into the kitchen ſhe did go,
Upon the fire there was ſet,
Some poſſet boiling in a pot,
Which for her father was prepar'd,
Who then was walking in the yard,
This poor wretched ſoul immediately,
Put in three drams of mercury,
Which indeed was enough or more
To kill or poiſon half a score.
Then her father and ſiſter came,
And drinking of the very ſame,
Not thinking any harm at all,
But for his wife ſtaight did call.
Seeing them both ſick unto death,
And could not long retain their breath,
All further miſchief to prevent,
With ſpeed ſhe for a doctor ſent,
But before the doctor came we find,
Their fading breath they did reſign,
While her mother dear ſat weeping by,
Bewailing her ſad deſtiny.
But God, who brings ſuch things about
By him the murder was found out;
Oppreſſed with a guilty ſhame,
In tears ſhe did confeſs the ſame.
Before Juſtice Jones ſhe was brought
And by him ſhe was examin'd (with ſpeed
While ſhe in tears did ſore lament,
To Glouceſter priſon ſhe was ſent,
At laſt the aſſizes drawing near,
She then was brought unto the bar,
To hear her trial as 'tis ſaid.
According to the laws of God,

The gentry came both far and near,
Her fatal trial for to hear;
She by her words poor soul was cast,
And was condemn'd to die at last.
Lord! when she was condemn'd to die,
What dreadful shrieks and bitter cries,
Came from the rich as well as poor,
The like was never seen before,
she back again to goal was sent,
Having a month's time to repent,
And make her peace with God on high,
But Oh, the fatal day drew nigh.
The night before the fatal day,
she for her mother sent straightway,
Who came to her with flowing tears,
With wringing hands and bitter cries,
When she beheld her mother's face,
The tears came trickling down apace;
Behold your graceless child, said she,
Here at your feet I fall and kneel.
O let me have your blessing have,
Before I am carried to the grave;
For Christ's sake, mother, pardon me,
And God will do the same by thee.
The mother said, My blessing take,
That he may not thy soul forsake;
But help thee in extremity.
That's all, dear child, I can give thee.
At last the fatal morning's come.
On which she must receive her doom
Honour'd mother, then said she,
I have one thing more to beg of thee,
Let me be laid between these two,
Which I shall mention unto you.

Between my ſiſter who is not here,
And him whom I eſteem ſo dear.
To this her mother dear agreed;
And he was ſent for with all ſpeed,
Who to the priſon came in tears,
To take the farewell of his dear,
She flew about his neck ſtraightway,
Kiſſing his lips theſe words did ſay,
My dear and only joy ſaid ſhe.
see what I've got by loving thee,
The buſineſs it was order'd ſo,
That ſhe firſt to chuch muſt go,
To hear her funeral ſermon read,
Then to the gallows ſhe muſt be led;
Firſt out of priſon ſhe was led,
Unto the church was brought, 'tis said.
From head to foot all clothed in white,
Which was a [illegible] ſight;
The ſermon being ended straight,
From church ſhe to the tree was brought
With heart more cold than ice or lead,
Turning about theſe words ſhe ſaid,
"All you that come to ſee me die,
Behold and ſee my deſtiny,
see that the [illegible] you love and fear.
And honour you your parents dear,
With weeping eyes ſhe [illegible] her head.
Theſe words ſhe to the people ſaid,
"ſerve God, your parents well obey,
For you've no friend alive but they,
ſhe on her knees a bleſſing did crave,
Which her poor tender mother gave,
Then up the ladder ſhe did aſcend,
With flowing eyes and wringing hands.

The psalms and prayers being done
Before the ladder it was turn'd,
she call'd out for the young man,
Who by her side did trembling stand
Behold, said she, a gentle heart,
Just ready to resign her breath,
My dear, said she my loving thee,
Has brought this shameful death to me
O give one kiss to your dear lips
The which, said she, I love so dear
Do not deny me my dear said she
It will be the last you'll e'er give to me
Kissing his lips she cry'd aloud
" Receive a sinner now I come
Dear Christ receive a sinful soul
she never spoke more but off she swung
The young man's heart with grief was
broke
He straight [illegible] his
After that [illegible]
But the next [illegible] dead.
They both [illegible] grave
in Gloucest[illegible]
the Lord a[illegible]
And to I[illegible]

[illegible] Printers, Bristol.